

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Clambring to hang, an enuious fluer broke,
When downe her weedy trophæs and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Mermaide-like a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature natuе and indewēd
Vnto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with their drinke,
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then is she drownd.

Queen. Drownd, drownd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore Ophelia,
And therefore I forbide my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a speecha fire that faine would blasē,
But that this folly drownes it

Exit.

King. Let's follow Gertrard,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now teare I this will give it start againe.
Therefore lets follow.

Exeunt.

Enter two Clowns.

Clowne. Is she to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully
seekes her owne saluation?

Oth. I tell thee she is, therfore make her grane straight, the crow-
ner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian bniall.

Clow. How can that be, vniſſe ſhe drownd herſelfe in her owne
defence.

Oth. Why tis found ſo.

Clow. It muſt be ſo offendēd, it cannot be elſe, for heere lyes the
poyn̄t, if I drownd my ſelfe wiſſingly, it argues an act, and an act haſh
three branches, it is to act, to doe, to perorme, or all, ſhe drownd her
ſelfe wiſſingly.

Oth. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clow. Giue me leaue, here lies the water, good, here stands the
man,

Prince of Denmarke.

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himſelfe, it is will
he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, and
drowne him, he drownes not himſelfe, argall, he that is not guilty of
his owne death, ſhortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry i't, Crowners queſt law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not bee a gentlewo-
man, ſh' ſhould haue bin buried out a Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou ſayſt, and the more pity that great folke
ſhould haue countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves,
more then their euen Christen: Come my ſpade, there is no auncient
gentlemen but Gardners, Vitchers, and Graue-makers, they hold
vp Adams profession.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the firſt that euer bore armes.

Ile put another queſt to thee, if thou anſwerest me not to the pur-
poſe, confeſſe thy ſelſe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. what is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the
Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Oth. the gallowes-maker, for that eur-liues a thouſand tennants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes dooes well,
but how dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, now thou
doostill to ſay the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argal,
the gallowes may doe well to thee. Too'r againe, come.

Oth. Who buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a
Carpenter.

Clow. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Maffe I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull aſſe will
not mend his pace with beating, and when you are aſkt this queſt
next, ſay a graue-maker, the houses he makes laſt tell Doomeſday.
Goe get thee in and fetch me a ſope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue,

Me thought it was very ſweet

To contract O the time for a my behoue,

Q me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Song.

M 2

Exe?

mm 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100 110 120 130 140 150 160 170 180 190 200 210 220 230 240 250 260 270 280 290 300

